SPN, author's choice, "Set my spirit free, let me lay down my gun" (Til The Last Shot's Fired, Trace Adkins)

Gabriel/Sam, post S5 finale, PG-13ish. Not much else to say.

Sam was sleeping soundly for once, when a weight landed on his legs, and he sat up straight, ready to strangle whatever it was.

But the lights lit themselves and Gabriel was suddenly nose to nose with him.

Gabriel, who was supposed to be dead, a casualty of the almost Apocalypse. Gabriel, who Sam wouldn't put it past him to fake his death, but Sam would still have to punch him out for it if that were the case.

So Sam said the most intelligent words he could think of at the moment.

"You - you're not dead? How?"

Gabriel shrugged, pushing Sam back down against the bed. "Upstairs management decided that having a first class messenger was a good thing. That and Dad's big on forgiveness these days."

If Sam hadn't known Gabriel as well as he did, he would have been convinced that Gabriel didn't care one whit about what had happened, but there had been the makings of a relationship before Gabriel got stabbed.

"Heaven's got you on a leash?" Sam hazarded, and then confirmed with the flash of anger in Gabriel's eyes.

"For the next millennium or so, yup." Gabriel dipped his head in a nod. "But Castiel rewarded me for the bit I did for you guys, so here I am. Day pass to Earth."

"And you're spending it with me?"

"Only if we spend the next four hours having mad, passionate sex. If you're up for it." Gabriel put a hand on Sam's hip and leered, asking for more.

So Sam answered him with a hard kiss, and if the area had a few small earthquakes? So totally not Gabriel's fault. Not at all.